In His Hands

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will becomes secretly obsessed with Hannibal's hands

In His Hands

“I’m having a dinner party tomorrow evening, Will. I’d be delighted if you’d join me,” Hannibal mentioned, casually. An open invitation that spoke of his expectation for Will to turn him down.

Will hesitated, finally replying “Maybe,” instead of an outright no, despite knowing he probably wouldn’t attend. As tempting as it was to spend a social evening with the doctor, it also might require him to be sociable.

The temptation was there though, and Will knew why, even before his gaze fell to Hannibal’s clasped hands.

Will wasn't sure when it started. It had crept upon him slowly.

The first time he realised that it had become undeniable was a day earlier, when he saw Hannibal, sleeves rolled back. His hands holding together the innards of Silvestri's unfortunate victim. Holding life and death in his hands.

Of course, he had objectively known that Hannibal had been a surgeon. But that wasn't the same as seeing the man in action. The way his long and skilled fingers worked. The way the veins on the back of his hands swelled.

Will was sat facing him now, watching those hands clasped in front of the doctor, begging to be nuzzled and licked.

Life saving, powerful. And more, something more. There was a dark danger in Hannibal that only Will seemed to be able to see, beneath the cultured exterior he presented. And in those moments when life and death hung in the balance, it was all the greater.

A sudden flash of memory took Will to that day at the Hobbs house. As he stood there, practically immobile and paralysed with uncertainty, Hannibal’s hands had held Abigail’s throat.

There had been so much going on in those long moments, where they were alone there together but for a corpse, and the young girl grasping onto life. Hannibal's hands had held the life in her, playing god in that moment.

And Will had known from that day how playing god felt. He had killed Hobbs, and it had felt good. Will tried to rationalise that with the thought of having stopped a monster, though he knew there was more. More that he didn't want to explore. Not yet at least.

But watching Hannibal Lecter saving Abigail's life… It was more than saving a life. It was deciding. He could have let her die. And when their eyes had met, Will had seen that there. He was a god in that moment. He decided life and death and the dark power that Will could sense from him was so close he could taste it at the back of his throat like acrid smoke. Like the devil himself was in the room.

Will had looked at Hannibal's hands as they held life and death.

That's where it had started.

"Will?" Hannibal queried, leaning slightly forward in his chair. "Something wrong?"

Will swallowed and shook his head.

Their *conversation* continued.

*

I have a date with the Chesapeake Ripper…

Will had planned to stay. Otherwise he wouldn't have gone at all, but once he got to Hannibal's and saw the preparations underway, he changed his mind. He didn't want to have to share Hannibal's attention. So he said those words. Wanting instead to say, 'I know.' But he wasn't ready for that yet.

Not his mind at least. His body, that was another matter, and that thought consumed him the long drive back to his own home.

Will closed the doors behind the dogs, letting them run off into the darkness. He didn't often let them out this late, but there were times when he felt the need.

Usually, Will was a man of routine. In the mornings he often woke hard, and sometimes he'd indulge. But not before he fed the dogs and let them out. He didn't need seven sets of curious eyes on him as he jerked off.

But tonight was one of those occasions, becoming more and more frequent, where he was aroused and didn't plan to wait until morning. The dogs would have fun sniffing around in the dark and he'd call them in when he was done. A smaller routine in itself.

Will stripped to his underwear and moved to his bed. Hesitant.

He had never been entirely comfortable thinking of people he knew when he masturbated. Partly because he couldn't help but slip into their minds a little, and that rarely ended well.

But with Hannibal? Will's empathy hit a wall with him. For the most part Will tried to close himself off to people, but Hannibal had been an exception. Partly because of the curiosity of trying and finding little. Hannibal wasn't entirely all he appeared and Will wasn't sure of anything beyond that. Perhaps he really was the devil.

Thinking about him had become routine.

His cock was already plumping up, taking very little to get hard once he lay back against the pillows and slid into his underwear and took himself in hand.

"Fuck," Will muttered under his breath as precome began to leak copiously, wetting his cock as he stroked up and down his shaft, curling his fist over his glans every other stroke.

"Fuck… Hannibal…" He pushed his underwear down under his balls and took a firmer hold.

Will closed his eyes and imagined those hands. Cock twitching as he did so. He took a calming breath, knowing that he would come too soon if he let his imagination become too active.

He trembled as he imagined Hannibal's hand slipping over his own and then replacing it entirely. Stroking him with a firm, rough grip, as the doctor whispered filthy things in his ear.

You are a dirty boy Will, I see you looking at me. Watching my hands. I invited you to dinner just to catch those glimpses. Is this what you want? My hands on you?

"Yes… Fuck, oh god, fuck…" Will muttered as he ran his other hand up his chest.

That was Hannibal's hand too. Perhaps his own were tied above his head as Hannibal's roamed over him.

He groaned as he pinched a nipple, imagining Hannibal's responding chuckle as his hand moved higher.

I know what you want Will. You want to feel the power I have. You want to be in the balance, just because you're curious. A dangerous curiosity. Doing something just to see what will happen with no concern for the outcome.

Will stroked his hand up to his throat as he pumped his cock even harder. Almost painfully so.

Is this where you want my hands Will? Is this what you want?

"Oh god, yes… yes…"

He circled his fingers around the column of his throat and squeezed,

It wasn't enough. Impossible to get a grasp at this angle on his own throat.

Will tried to push that thought away, tried to imagine it was Hannibal as he fucked into his fist, his hips pumping and the bed shaking.

He had slipped down from the pillows and was fully on his back, imagining being pressed down by the hand at his throat.

Would Hannibal kill him? Choke the life out of him?

Will pressed against his windpipe and dug his fingers into flesh, feeling the slight well of blood.

He gasped, trying to breath, trying not to move his hand as every instinct in his body told him to. Fighting that impulse as he sped up his rhythm.

He was so close. So close.

I could kill you Will, you know I could. But no beauty I could create from you would match that which you exude in life.

With those thoughts, those words, an image jumped to Will's mind. Several images. Kills of the Chesapeake Ripper. Murder tableaux of beauty created from the swine the killer worked with.

"Oh fuck…" Will cried out.

He came over his fist, stroking himself firmly through the climax as he tried to push the images away. Tried to remember only Hannibal's hands. But now they were covered in blood, they were creating art of death.

Will let out a low groan as he shuddered and continued to come. Harder than he had in his life.

Those hands had power. And he knew part of him had known that all along. When he had seen them save lives, he had known. The dichotomy had presented itself.

A surgeon. A surgeon would know how. But Will was certain he'd known what Hannibal was long before that night.

Perhaps Hannibal Lecter really was the devil. But Will found that it didn't bother him nearly as much as it should.

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